

The "Daily Bonanza's" Page of Sporting Events

FORWARD PASS IS IMPROVING GAME

IMPROVING THE GAME.
PLAY WAS SCHOFFED AT BY FOOT-
BALL COACHES WHEN FIRST
ANNOUNCED.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—The consensus of opinion is that the present football season will eclipse all its predecessors in general interest and the quality of the game played. Last fall there was not a little adverse criticism made of the game because of the radical changes made by the rules committee. The criticism was not confined to the outside public, but was indulged in generally by the players and coaches. "Principal fault was found with the forward pass, the biggest innovation ever made in the game. So disgusted were many of the coaches with this play, which they considered dangerous and unsatisfactory from every standpoint, that not a few of them abandoned it, temporarily, in mid-season. But the success achieved at Yale and Princeton won friends everywhere, and it was speedily reinstated, and before the end of the season it was considered the most spectacular play of the game.

This fall the forward pass is going to be a feature of the game. The coaches are training their candidates to use it in the preliminary work, thereby admitting its mastery to be as important as the rudiments of the game. The general public is expecting great things from the coming season, and there is certain to be a record breaking attendance at all the big games.

With the development of the forward pass coaches are sure to spend more attention than heretofore to the kicking game. There were not a few games last fall which were won solely through the ability of one man to kick goals from the field. One of the most notable examples of this was the Pennsylvania-Swarthmore game, which the latter team won by 4 to 0. Swarthmore was actually outplayed in straight football, but because of the ability of her quarterback to drop-kick, won the game when a fumble punt put the ball within scoring distance.

This year there is certain to be a greater premium than ever placed on the kicking game. Any coach who has a proper appreciation of the value of a good kicker will see that there is one such man on the team, no matter what his other defects are.

Although the consent of all the big colleges of the east has not yet been secured to permit the central board of officials to name the men to officiate at their football games, a big step in this direction was taken when some twenty-one institutions held a meeting in New York with this committee, and preliminary steps were taken to this end. It remains to be seen how far the big universities will be willing to trust the committee in the selection of officials for their championship games. If Harvard, Yale and Princeton should reverse themselves and permit the committee to name their officials for their big games, as Cornell and Michigan did last fall and will do again this year there would be a great improvement in the ethics of college sport.

Football candidates at the various colleges, big and little, are appearing in goodly quantities for practice. Varsity football squads are necessarily not so large as they were up to the beginning of last season, when freshmen were barred from varsity competition, but proportionately they are larger than heretofore. And therein lies a significant state of affairs. At Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Carlsle, Brown and elsewhere the readiness of candidates of all grades of ability to respond to the call of the piskin indicates more enthusiasm on the part of collegians for the game itself than under the old rules. In short, under the revised rules, they would rather play the game. The new game makes more men want to get in it. Up at New Haven, for instance, the fact that candidates reporting before college opens have had to pay their own expenses did not prevent a large number of men from being on hand for the first week of practice. At Princeton the field is fairly covered with men.

There will be more candidates on the field when all the college terms have begun and more when several varsity probabilities have passed off conditions. Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Pennsylvania have been more or less afflicted by the action of stern faculties in decreeing that those men who are behind in scholarship shall not play until they demonstrate that they can keep up with their studies. Consequently some first class mater-

ial is just now wrestling with books and not the leather oval. There is no longer any watchful scanning of the entering class to see what new material it produces—not so far as the immediate varsity situation is concerned. Material is now a more freely quantity. Outside of men not returning to college and faculty intervention, the coaches have pretty accurate knowledge of just what they will have to depend on in the way of material. That may or may not be satisfactory, depending whether the material at hand is promising or the reverse. Cornell is one of the best fixed of the colleges in having a big supply of experienced men to start with, while it looks as if Pennsylvania will have a team of evenly-distributed strength when all the candidates are herded into the fold. There is a likely array of talent at Yale on the whole, but there are two or three positions which recent developments have shown are by no means sure of being filled satisfactorily. However, they have a masterly coaching system at New Haven and a custom of setting about at once to fortify against possible weak spots.

When you get right up against the coaches at Princeton they do not talk in a very hopeful strain over this year's outlook, but there is a deep depression over the outlook. There is a respectable amount of raw material to be whipped into shape at Nassau, but if anybody can whip it Coach Roper can. If this big chap, MacFaden from Exeter, 'ineligible last year because he was a freshman, develops all right he is quite likely to make a stronger man in the five middle line positions than anybody Princeton had last year except Jim Cooney. If he lines up against Thompson of Cornell there ought to be a scrap between the guards at Ithaca worth going to see. The same is true if he stacks up against Goebel of Yale, who, experts think, has in him the making of a guard of the Gordon Brown class. The Princeton backfield, barring Jim McCormack, will probably be light, and it surely will be fast—Tibbott, Harlan, Cass, Dillon and Pfeiffer—a group of speedy men. There are more veterans in the Princeton backfield than at Yale, but the Ellis have some good ones, and while the Yale backfield may be surpassed in actual speed, there will be a departure from the conditions that generally prevail if they do not have it on rivals in versatility and head work.

The greatest experiment of all is at Harvard, where Joshua Crane is the head coach. Crane has coached freshmen teams with success and is said to be a capable handler of men. It will not do to take him lightly, and the observation that "Harvard will be coached this year from the back of a polo pony" may not be warranted.

The Brown university eleven is not to be overlooked in sizing up eleven of potential strength. There is an exceptionally big, brawny and active lot of material at Providence. One of the newcomers is Raquet, ineligible last year, who stands 6 feet 4 inches, and there are enough strapping big fellows to bring the five center of the line positions up to the average of close to 200 pounds. Denline and Pryor are a pair of first-class ends; Schwartz is a rattling good quarterback, and Johnny Mayhew is the best dodging halfback in the east. This aggregation will take some beating.

SPORTS CLAMORING.

Want to See a Fight Between Jack Johnson and Tommy Burns.

The interest that the fight fans have shown in the preliminary particulars of the proposed Tommy Burns-Jack Johnson match makes the proposed contest look to be by far the biggest thing on the pugilistic horizon.

Of course Coffroth, who seems to have a monopoly on the fight game on the San Francisco side of the bay at the present time, will not bid any higher than he is compelled to, but it is safe to say that under most any circumstances the clever promoter would be able to take a risk with the big fellows at a \$25,000 purse, which is the amount demanded by Burns.

Johnson will fight for the chance to get the championship and would take most any amount offered, realizing that if he should win that the white men, in order to take the championship away from him, would be forced to fight him and, with the exception of Burns, it would appear to the writer that Johnson has little cause for worry.

The critics are using the theory that Burns has not been successful in the theatrical venture that he undertook. True, Tommy was not a success in San Francisco, but the writer has had the opportunity of reading a few letters that Tommy sent to L. C. Keating of the Columbia Theater, who is his brother-in-law, and who has acted as a sort of guide

for the Canadian in the theatrical world. In each of these letters Tommy has told of the money he made per week and as the figures were always of an irregular amount, I am forced to the belief that he was working on a percentage plan with the show houses.

Each of the totals, however, have gone over the five hundred dollar mark and as every one knows when a man is getting five hundred dollars a week he is not a failure.

Naturally the time has grown short when the champion can get this money, for no matter who the fighter may be, he must keep in the limelight to make money in the show business. Jim Corbett, John L. Sullivan and Bob Fitzsimmons have had the faculty of getting plenty of advertisement and Jim Jeffries, owing to the enormity of his size and the wonderful ability, did not need a press agent.

These men could and are going right along today getting the money from the public, but with Burns it is entirely different. He hasn't the knack of boosting himself, and so, of course, will have to fight a few more men that will convince the doubting public that he is really a great fighter.

Shortly after the "Squires-Burns" fight, the writer mentioned that Burns was agreeable to a match with the big dinge any time that he could be shown a chance to get the right kind of a purse.

Burns wants \$20,000 for his end of a fight with Johnson, and says that the offer cannot come too quick to suit him. When it is remembered how systematically the big fellows have dodged the black cloud and with what persistent regularity the daddy of them all, Jeffries, refused to even consider him, it must be admitted that Burns is deserving of some consideration for taking a man on who was too dangerous for the apparently better fighters who have retired from the ring.

The Gans-Memle contest at Los Angeles did not prove such a howling financial success to Promoter McCarey as he at the matching thought it would. This is another example of the frenzied finance of the fight promoter offering a purse such as he offered for a champion to beat practically an amateur. The total receipts are given out as \$16,249, and as the purse and training expenses that the promoter was compelled to pay out of this amounted to \$13,500, with the general expenses yet to be paid, it can readily be seen that he did not make much money on the venture.

Gans, since relieving himself of that last bit of wit in which he handed the championship to Jimmy Burns has been overlooked by the many challengers of the champion, and the defiant manner in which the fighters of the country are hurling their challenges at the new champion show that they are all willing to take a chance. Gans will soon be in the same class with the famous "bull" artists of San Francisco if he keeps up the good work.

DARING SWINDLER.

Ingenious Scheme That Depleted Bookmakers' Bank Rolls.

The sum of money in the possession of the bookmakers in the United Kingdom is, in the aggregate, a huge one, says London Tit-Bits. The layers of odds are naturally extremely cute and fully conversant with the thousand and one schemes formulated by equally acute backers of horses to swindle them. Among the latter class are thousands of cunning adventurers who subsist entirely on their wits, and as these gentry delight to live in the lap of luxury and squander money like water—when they have it—they are constantly arranging new and deep laid plots when "hard up" to deplete the banking accounts of the bookmakers.

An ingenious scheme was successfully carried through in England a few years ago which for absolute daring is unparalleled in the history of racing. The leading sporting papers one day received a properly arranged program of a race meeting which was to take place at a town called "Trodmore." The sender of the list of horses engaged, the weights they had to carry, and the times at which the different events were run signed his name and added "Reporter." The races were duly run and the obliging "Reporter" sent in another interesting item to the sporting dailies. Nothing was missing, everything was in apple pie order; evidently the reporter knew his business thoroughly. The "hard working" and "conscientious" Journalist had carefully collected the starting prices of the winners and losers, and his account of the day's racing duly appeared in the papers he sent it to. This was eagerly perused with the greatest interest by a large number of bookmakers in

London, and they found to their sorrow that nearly all the winners had been backed for big sums by many of their numerous clients, who were evidently expert judges of racing or extraordinarily lucky.

As the horses had started at long odds against they lost heavily. A lot of those who had been severely hit discussed the matter with their confidantes. "Where was Trodmore, the place where the lucky backers had found so many good winners?" "Has any one heard of these horses or jockeys before?" No. No one had, now they came to think about it. Many of the bookmakers had been connected with racing for nearly half a century. Detectives were engaged, and they unearthed one of the most gigantic swindles on record. It was discovered that there was no such place in England as "Trodmore;" there never had been such a meeting; there were no such horses or jockeys in existence as those mentioned in the program, and the "Reporter" well, "his day's work was done," and he vanished like a dream. He has never even sent in his bill to the papers for his interesting contributions. The whole thing was one of the most impudent and cleverly organized "spoofs" on record. A lot of money in "tenners" and "fivers" was obligingly put out for the gang by innocent waiters and hotel and theater doorkeepers in the west end, and the daring swindlers have never been traced. They vanished with their winnings.

Some racing sharps successfully robbed the bookmakers of a large sum of money at Warwick some years ago by the following ingenious method: In Tattersall's ring bookmakers are bound by the rules to pay over the horse that actually "gets" the race, so that in the event of an objection, and the runner which has passed the judge first being disqualified, they pay only over the one to which the stewards after due investigation, award the race. In the half-crown rings and outside the rings, the bookies pay "first past the post" irrespective of objection. A crack jockey was properly and correctly weighed out by the official clerk of the scales for a certain race at Warwick on the occasion mentioned, and the horse he rode was heavily and systematically backed with bookies who pay "first past the post." The animal won easily. When the jockey went to scale, after the race, he failed to draw within fourteen pounds of what he should have done. His saddle cloth was immediately examined and it was discovered that it had been tampered with by some one after the jockey had been weighed out and several of the lead weights removed. The "winner" was promptly disqualified and the race awarded to the one that had finished second. The gang reaped a rich harvest. The jockey was, however, after due inquiry, exonerated by the authorities from any blame in the matter, as his integrity was beyond dispute. Several "turfs" got into serious trouble over this affair, but the real delinquents were never discovered.

BASEBALL HAS PAID BIG.

Every American League Magnate Finishes With Bank Roll.

Myron Townsend, the St. Louis sporting writer, has turned to figures and this is what he has decided is about right:

Hedges' cleanup this year will be fully \$40,000.

Yawky, owner of the Detroit, will pocket profits of \$60,000.

Charlie Comiskey, White Sox, will close the season with a balance of \$200,000 on the right side of the ledger.

John I. Taylor of the Boston Americans will bank \$75,000 as his share of the baseball booty.

Connie Mack's Athletics will earn \$100,000 for their owners.

Somers and Kilfoyl will clear \$50,000 on the Naps.

Frank Farrell's share of the swag is not less than \$60,000.

The Noyes, owners of the Washington club, will come out \$25,000 ahead of the game.

This is a banner year in baseball. Club owners are rolling in wealth. Not one of them is losing money. Usually there are one or two rat holes in a league where magnates sink thousands. Not in the American league this year. When the books are balanced there is not a single owner who will not find himself a much richer man. Most of them enjoy incomes much larger than the president of the United States. From a financial standpoint baseball has been considered a precarious business. If so, 1907 is an off year. Even Stanley Robinson has made a little money. The Cardinals are the poorest paying propositions in either league. George Dovey's profits in Boston will not be a 16-bore shotgun, yet he says he is on easy street financially.

OUTLOOK AT MICHIGAN.

Yost Working Hard to Hand Pennsylvania a Package.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Oct. 12.—With over a hundred candidates to choose from Coach Hurry-Up Yost of the University of Michigan is now busily preparing a team that may return the package handed them last year by Pennsylvania when they come here this year. On November 16 one of the biggest games of the year will be played in this city. The one game of the year when the east and west collide, when the strength of the wets is arrayed against the strength of the east. Up to the last few years no such game has been played when the might of the west could be compared with the east.

Last year the east pushed the west-erners over the gridiron at ease, but this year it remains to be seen whether "Westward the course of empire takes it way," in that the west will be more advanced in football. The city is wild with enthusiasm and the main subject of gossip among the 6000 students is "Can we beat Pennsylvania?"

Coach Yost is not saying much. He seems to be thinking. Wearing the "smile that won't come off," his countenance gives the students hope. They seem to have Pennsy down as their worst enemy. When the boys from Quakertown crossed the Michigan goal several times last year that defeat has incited a spirit of revenge for the defenders of the yellow and blue are in no way used to being toyed around by anyone in football.

HAD TO CATCH TRAIN.

Jack Egan, Ban Johnson's newest umpire, tells a good story at his own expense. Of course Tim Hurst was one of the principal figures. A baseball story nowadays does not appear complete unless Timothy is in on it.

Egan was pitching for Providence, in the Eastern league, and Hurst was umpiring. The score was a tie in the ninth inning when, with two men on bases, one of the opposing batsmen landed on one of Egan's choicest and lifted it over the fence.

The ball was foul by ten feet. Egan ran over to the third base line before the ball cleared the fence and could see where it went over. Hurst was also on third base line and, turning to him, Egan said: "It's lucky for me that that was a foul, else I would have lost the game."

"It may have been a foul all right, Jack, me boy," replied Hurst, plying, "but with me catching that 6:20 train for Boston it is a fair ball, and don't you forget it."

Of course Tim's ruling counted and Providence lost the game. More important, however, Hurst was aboard the 6:20 train for Boston.

MEANT TERRA FIRMA.

Washington bought most of the players of the disbanded '93 Chattanooga club, among the number being "Wild Bill" Hassamer, who played an outfield.

Bill was a man who never did care very much for study even as a youth, and consequently he was exactly adapted to carrying on a scientific conversation. In the off season Bill piloted an oil wagon through the classic environs of Cincinnati.

But to just show how he could shine sometimes in conversation of a high degree Sir William would shoot out a big word that he had managed to corral somewhere, and which he took a huge delight in astounding his fellow players with.

Sometime, in fact, most always, these large words which Bill spouted were woefully in the wrong place; but it was blissful ignorance with the boldest Bill.

One time, when the team was going over to Detroit from Cleveland the lake was very choppy, and several of the boys became sick, among them Hassamer. When the boat landed at the Detroit wharf Bill was one of the first players off, and as Al Selbach came down the gangway Hassamer asked:

"Say, Al, sin't it good to be on vice versa once again?"

BETTING PIKER NOW WEALTHY.

To prevent the wolves of the betting ring parting him from his pile, Joe Yeager, the young Western plunger, has put \$100,000 into perpetual lock.

He has paid \$100,000 principal and \$10,000 interest to a big insurance company.

In return he gets a policy which pays an annuity of \$5000 as long as he lives.

Yeager is in excellent health. He's 41. A few months ago Joe was flat broke. He began all over again as a \$2 piker.

By a series of shrewd plays and remarkable coups, he ran his fortune up to \$150,000. He has wisely salted \$100,000 of this for a rainy day.

BALL PLAYERS MAY USE ARMOR

HEADGEAR LATEST INVENTION
TO PROTECT BATTER FROM
WILD PITCHERS.

The latest thing in baseball is a head gear for players while at bat. Fred Parent is now wearing the new idea to the amusement of the fan and small boy who attend the game. The pad is about three inches thick and plastered on the side of the head from the shoulder to the top of the coco.

Most of the pitchers take a shot at the new mask and have Freddie ducking like a deer hit with an ax, and while the whole thing makes it plain that Parent has grown cowardly when facing the shoots of the wild pitchers, yet it will be a matter of only a short time until a large number of players will be wearing protectors for the head when facing the speedy pitchers of the present time.

The remarkable part of the game is the way the batsmen can avoid being badly injured by pitched balls thrown from all angles and with a variety of curves and shoots that would puzzle a shadow. With the number of players receiving serious injuries from sharp spikes and players forced to wear armor plate it looks very much as if the game was growing to be a dangerous proposition. Spikes must be done away with, a new and lighter protection for the head must be invented for the safety of the valuable players who have become valuable assets for the clubs.

Years ago the players faced the music without pads, masks or gloves and were usually a sight after a hard game. I remember a paragraph from the Danbury News that hit the nail on the head: "A local baseball enthusiast is getting up a ball of iron filled with nitro-glycerine which will explode on being caught and tear the hands to ribbons. This will be more wearing on the players than the present ball in use, but will be more humane."

The introduction of mitts, pads and masks reduced the necessity for arnica and bandages, but helped the men with the sporting goods to dispose of all his wares until the time will come when ball players will be covered with protectors.

Up to 1877 all the catchers thought of for protection was a hunk of rubber to hold between the teeth. Dug Allison about this time introduced a glove with the fingers cut out. Then came the introduction of the mask. The Harvard boys had a strong team with the exception of a catcher. Jim Tyng was doing the backstopping for Dr. Harold Ernst, and together with Fred Thayer they rigged up an old fencing mask and after several weeks' practice Tyng was in trim to appear at the South End grounds against the professionals. Later the mask was improved on and became of general use. The pad was invented by a Hartford man and first worn by a professional at the South End grounds at Boston by James H. O'Rourke in '77 the year after the mask was introduced. It took the catchers some time to grow accustomed to wires, but all were in praise of the chest protector from the start. The big mitt came by a natural evolution from the kid glove until now one wonders how the catchers can carry the clumsy things about. First basemen, too, must now wear big mitts and often hammer holes in them until it would be about as fair to play with a scoop net. Take away the big mitts from all but the catchers and the game would show more science, but it would kill off two-thirds of the profession, and this would not be relished by the fans who must have their baseball from the Everglades of Florida to the ley peaks of the north.

The appliance now being tested by Fred Parent was invented by Bob Reach of Philadelphia about four years ago and has not caught on, it being altogether too clumsy. The cricket pads were first used in a ball game by James H. O'Rourke of Bridgeport, Connecticut, two years ago, and will surely become fashionable with the catchers, who must necessarily protect their limbs from the murderous spikes. At first it looked all out of order, but the more I see of the shin pads the better I like them, only that shin pads and not padded leggings should be used. The time was when the players would polish up their long sharp spikes and then dazzle the catcher with the sight before they started for the home base. No player should be put in position to fear the runner while taken a thrown or batted ball. The fielder should always have a clear right of way.